

A SHIP OF '49.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER II.

The day following "steamer night" was usually stale and flat at San Francisco. The reaction from the feverish excitement of the previous twenty-four hours was seen in the listless faces and lounging feet of promenaders, and was notable in the deserted offices and warehouses still redolent of last night's gas, and strewn with the dead ashes of last night's fires. There was a brief pause before the busy life which ran its course from "steamer day" to "steamer day" was once more taken up. In that interval a few anxious speculators and investors breathed freely, or some impending catastrophe momentarily averted. In particular, a singular stroke of good fortune that morning befell Mr. Nott. He not only secured a new tenant, but, as he sagaciously believed, introduced into the Pontiac a counteracting influence to the subtle fascinations of de Ferrieres.

The new tenant apparently possessed a combination of business shrewdness and brusque frankness that strongly impressed his landlord. "You see, Rosey," said Nott, complacently describing the interview to his daughter, "when I sorter intimidated in a keener kind of way that sugar kettles and hair dye was about played out ex securities, he just plunked down the money for two months in advance. 'There,' sez he, 'that's your security—now where's mine?' I reckon I don't hitch on, pardner," sez I; "security what for?" "Spose you sell the ship?" sez he, "afore the two months is up. I've heard that old Sleight wants to buy her." "Then you gets back your money," sez I. "And lose my room," sez he; "not much, old man. You sign a paper that whoever buys the ship inside of two months hez to buy me ez a tenant; with that on the square." So I sign the paper. It was mighty cute in the young feller, wasn't it?" he said, scanning his daughter's pretty, puzzled face a little anxiously; "and don't you see ez I ain't goin' to let the Pontiac, it's just about ez cut in me, eh? He's a contractor somewhere around yer, and wants to be near his work. So he takes the room next to the Frenchman, that that ship captain quit for the mines, and succeeds naturally to his chest and things. He's mighty peart looking, that young feller, Rosey—long black mustaches, all his own color, Rosey—and he's a regular high-stepper, you bet. I reckon he's not only been a gentleman, but ez now. Some o' them contractors are very high toned!"

"I don't think we have any right to give him the captain's chest, father," said Rosey; "there may be some private things in it. There were some letters and photographs in the hairdresser's trunk that you gave the photographer."

"That's just it, Rosey," returned Abner Nott, with sublime unconsciousness, "photographs and love letters you can't sell for cash, and I don't mind givin' 'em away if they kin make a feller creature happy."

"But, father, have we the right to give 'em away?"

"They're collateral security, Rosey," said his father, grimly. "Co-la-te-ral," he continued, emphasizing each syllable by tapping the flat of one hand in the open palm of the other. "Co-la-te-ral is the word the big business sharpers yer about call 'em. You can't get round that." He paused a moment, and then, as a new idea seemed to be painfully borne in his mind, continued cautiously: "Was that the reason why you wouldn't touch any of them dresses from the trunks of that op'ry gal ez skeddaddled for Sacramento? And yet them trunks I regularly bought at auction—Rosey—at auction, on spec—and they didn't realize the cost of drayage."

A slight color mounted to Rosey's face. "No," she said, hastily, "not that." Hesitating a moment she then drew softly to his side, and, placing her arms around his neck, turned his broad, foolish face towards her own. "Father," she began, "when mother died, you have liked anybody to take her trunks and paw around her things and wear them?"

"When your mother died, just this side o' Sweetwater, Rosey," said Mr. Nott, with beaming unconsciousness, "she hadn't any trunks. I reckon she hadn't even an extra gown hanging up in the wagon, 'cept the petticoat ez she had wrapped around yer. It was about ez much ez we could do to skimmish round with Injuns, alkali and cold, and we sorter forgot to dress for dinner. She never thought, Rosey, that you and me would live to be inhabiting a palis of a real ship. Ef she had she would have died a proud woman."

He turned his small, loving, bear-like eyes upon her as a preternaturally innocent and trusting companion of Ulysses might have regarded the transforming figure. Rosey turned away with the faintest sigh. The habitual look of abstraction returned to her eyes as if she had once more taken refuge in her own ideal world. Unfortunately the change did not escape either the sensitive observation or the fatuous misconception of the sagacious parent. "Ye'll be mountin' a few furbelows and fixins, Rosey, I reckon, ez only natural. Mebbe we've got to prink up a little now that we've got a gentleman contractor in the ship. I'll see what I kin pick up in Montgomery street." And indeed he succeeded a few hours later in accomplishing with equal infelicity his generous design. When she returned from her household tasks she found on her berth a purple velvet bonnet of extraordinary make, and a pair of white satin slippers. "They'll do for a start, ef, Rosey," he explained, "and I got 'em at my figners."

"But I go out so seldom, father, and a bonnet!"

"That's so," interrupted Mr. Nott, complacently, "it might be jest ez well for a young gal like yer to appear ez if she did go out, or would go out if she wanted to. So you kin be wearin' that ar headstall kinder like this evening when the contractor's here, ez if you'd jest come in from a paaser."

Miss Rosey did not, however, immediately avail herself of her father's purchase, but contented herself with the usual scarlet ribbon that like a snood confined her brown hair, when she returned to her tasks. The space between the galley and the bulkheads had been her favorite resort in summer when not actually engaged in household work. It was now lightly roofed over with boards and tarpaulin against the winter rain, but still afforded her a veranda like space before the galley door, where she could read or sew, looking over the bow of the Pontiac to the tossing bay or the further range of the Contra Costa hills.

Hither Miss Rosey brought the purple prodigy, partly to please her father, partly with a view of subjecting it to violent radical changes. But after trying it on before the tiny mirror in the galley, once or twice, her thoughts wandered away, and she fell into one of her habitual reveries seated on a little stool before the galley door.

She was aroused from it by the slight shaking and rattling of the doors of a small hatch on the deck, not a dozen yards from where she sat. It had been evidently fastened from below during the wet weather, but as she gazed, the fastenings were removed, the doors were suddenly lifted, and the head and shoulders of a young man emerged from the deck. Partly from her father's description, and partly from the impossibility of its being anybody else, she at once conceived it to be the new lodger. She had time to note that he was young and good looking, graver perhaps than became his sudden pantomimic appearance, but before she could observe him closely he had turned, closed the hatch with a certain familiar dexterity, and walked slowly towards the bows. Even in her slight bewilderment she observed that his step upon the deck seemed different to her father's or the photographer's, and that he laid his hand on various objects with a half caressing ease and habit. Presently he paused and turned back, and glancing at the galley door for the first time encountered her wondering eyes.

It seemed so evident that she had been a curious spectator of his abrupt entrance on deck that he was at first disconcerted and confused. But after a second glance at her he appeared to resume his composure, and advanced a little defiantly towards the galley.

"I suppose I frightened you, popping up the fore hatch just now?"

"The what?" asked Rosey.

"The fore hatch," he repeated impatiently, indicating it with a gesture.

"And that's the fore hatch?" she said abstractedly. "You seem to know ships."

"Yes—a little," he said quietly. "I was below, and unfurnished the hatch to come up the quickest way and take a look round. I've just hired a room here," he added explanatorily.

"I thought so," said Rosey simply; "you're the contractor?"

"The contractor!—oh, yes! You seem to know it all."

"Father's told me."

"Oh, he's your father—Nott? Certainly. I see now," he continued, looking at her with a half repressed smile. "Certainly, Miss Nott, good morning," he half added and walked toward the companion way. Something in the direction of his eyes as he turned away made Rosey lift her hands to her head. She had forgotten to remove her father's baleful gift.

She snatched it off and ran quickly to the companion way.

"Sir!" she called.

The young man turned half way down the steps and looked up. There was a faint color in her cheeks and her pretty brown hair was slightly disheveled from the hasty removal of the bonnet.

"Father's very particular about strangers being on this deck," she said, a little sharply.

"Oh—ah—I'm sorry I intruded."

"I—I—thought I'd tell you," said Rosey, frightened by her boldness into a feeble anti-climax.

"Thank you."

She came back slowly to the galley and picked up the unfortunate bonnet with a slight sense of remorse. Why should she feel angry with her poor father's unhappy offering? And what business had this strange young man to use the ship so familiarly? Yet she was vaguely conscious that she and her father, with all their love and their domestic experience of it, lacked a certain instinctive ease in its possession that the half indifferent stranger had shown on first treading its deck. She walked to the hatchway and examined it with a new interest. Succeeding in lifting the hatch, she gazed at the lower deck. As she already knew the ladder had long since been removed to make room for one of the partitions, the only way the stranger could have reached it was by leaping to one of the rings. To make sure of this she let herself down, holding on to the rings, and dropped a couple of feet to the deck below. She was in the narrow passage her father had penetrated the previous night. Before her was the door leading to de Ferrieres' loft, always locked. It was silent within; it was the hour when the old Frenchman made his habitual promenade in the city. But the light from the newly opened hatch allowed her to see more of the mysterious recesses of the forward bulkhead than she had known before, and she was startled by observing another yawning hatchway at her feet from which the closely fitting door had been lifted and which the new lodger had evidently forgotten to close again. The young girl stooped down and peered cautiously into the black abyss. Nothing was to be seen, nothing heard but the distant gurgle and click of water in some remote depth. She replaced the hatch and returned by way of the passage to the cabin.

When her father came home that night she briefly recounted the interview with the new lodger and her discovery of his curiosity. She did this with a possible increase of her usual shyness and abstraction, and apparently more as a duty than a colloquial recreation. But it pleased Mr. Nott also to give it more than his usual misconception. "Looking round the ship, was he—eh, Rosey?" he said with infinite archness. "In course, kinder sweepin' round the galley and offerin' to fetch you wood and water, eh?" Even when the young girl had picked up her book with the usual faint smile of affectionate

tolerance and then drifted away in its pages, Mr. Nott chuckled audibly. "I reckon old Frenchy didn't come by when the young one was bedevillin' you there."

"What, father?" said Rosey, lifting her abstracted eyes to his face.

At the moment it seemed impossible that any human intelligence could have suspected deceit or duplicity in Rosey's clear gaze. But Mr. Nott's intelligence was superhuman. "I was sayin' that Mr. Ferrieres didn't happen in while the young feller was there—eh?"

"No, father," answered Rosey, with an effort to follow him out of the pages of her book. "Why?"

But Mr. Nott did not reply. Later in the evening he awkwardly waylaid the new lodger before the cabin door as that gentleman would have to pass on to his room.

"I'm afraid," said the young man, glancing at Rosey. "That I intruded upon your daughter today. I was a little curious to see the old ship, and I didn't know what part of it was private."

"There ain't no private part to this yer ship—that ez, 'cepting the rooms and lofts," said Mr. Nott, authoritatively. Then, subjecting the anxious look of his daughter to his usual faculty for misconception, he added: "That ain't no place whar you haven't as much right to go ez any other man; that ain't any man, furrier or Amerیکن, young or old, dyed or undyed, ez hev got any better rights. You hear me, young feller. Mr. Renshaw—my darter. My darter—Mr. Renshaw. Rosey, give the gentleman a chair. She's only jest come in from a promenade, and hez jest taken off her bonnet," he added, with an arch look at Rosey, and a hurried look around the cabin, as if he hoped to see the missing gift visible to the general eye. "So take a seat a minit, won't ye?"

"Mr. Renshaw—my darter."

But Mr. Renshaw, after an observant glance at the young girl's abstracted face, brusquely excused himself. "I've got a letter to write," he said, with a half bow to Rosey. "Good night."

He crossed the passage to the room that had been assigned to him, and, closing the door, gave way to some irritability of temper in his efforts to light the lamp and adjust his writing materials. For his excuse to Mr. Nott was more truthful than most polite pretenses. He had, indeed, a letter to write, and one that, being yet young in duplicity, the near presence of his host rendered difficult. For it ran as follows:

DEAR SLIGHT:

As I found I couldn't get a chance to make any examination of the ship except as occasion offered, I just went in to rent lodgings in her from the God forsaken old ass who owns her, and here I am a tenant for two months. I contracted for a loft on the main deck, well forward, just over some one else before. Except that she's cut up a little between decks by the partitions for lofts that like Pike County idiot has put into her, she looks but little changed, and her forehold, as far as I can judge, is intact. It seems that Nott bought her just as she stands, with her cargo lost out, but he wasn't here when she broke cargo. If anybody else had bought her this cursed Missouriian, who hasn't got the hayseed out of his hair, I might have found out something from him, and saved myself this kind of fooling, which isn't in my line. If I could get possession of a loft on the main deck, well forward, just over the forehold, I could satisfy myself in a few hours, but the loft is rented by that crazy Frenchman who parades Montgomery street every afternoon, and though old Pike County wants to turn him out, I'm afraid I can't get it for a week to come.

If anything should happen to me, just you wait down here and corral my things at once, for this old frontier pirate has a way of confiscating his lodgers' trunks. Yours, DICK.

[To be Continued.]

Hall's

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors called it a local disease, and prescribed for it local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75 cts.

CATARRH CURE.

The long hard work of the summer is over, and people begin to have leisure for spending an evening with their neighbors now and then. The first time you indulge in such a pleasure, see if your friend whom you visit has a copy of "Our Family Physician," and if he has not tell him about the book and tell him to subscribe for the Free Trader and get a copy. You can get a copy of the new edition free, for yourself, if you will do this.

At last a use has been found for the Scotch thistle, and agriculturists will no longer regard it as a terrible nuisance. An Australian farmer, who had some of his land overrun with the prickly growth, passed them through the ensilage process with the result that he obtained a quantity of ensilage, which his cattle readily consumed.

The best on earth can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve, which is a sure, safe and speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only 25 cents. Sold by E. Y. Griggs.

INDORSEMENT OF JOHN.

EXPLANATORY NOTES BY REV. GEO. L. HAYS, D. D., LL. D.

Lesson VII of the International Series (Fourth Quarter) for Sunday, Nov. 13. Text of the Lesson, Matt. xi, 2-15. Golden Text, John v, 35.

John's discouragement must have been extreme as month after month he lay in prison under Herod's oppressive government. What strange meditations he must have had in that prison! He could look back on no unfaithfulness that deserved the reproach of his removal from public activity. In no case had he sought to thrust himself into prominence to the exclusion of Christ. It would not be strange, then, if in his loneliness there should be times when his faith would waver. He might well say, Surely if Jesus is the Messiah whose forerunner I really was, and he has the miraculous power of which I hear so much, he will speedily come to my deliverance. It seems to have been out of this spirit of discouragement under Christ's neglect that John sent these messengers (v. 2, 3). It would have been a solace to know that his imprisonment was part of the programme, and that, after all, all was right.

Christ's methods.—Christ rarely gave direct replies. One difference between a direct reply and a statement of evidence is this: A direct reply assumes responsibility on the part of the person giving it; a statement of evidence leaves the responsibility on the person to whom the evidence is submitted. If Christ had simply said "yes," John could fairly have said, "Then I have no further responsibility in the matter." This was not Christ's purpose with John any more than it is with us. How many have wished that God would, by an audible voice from heaven, tell them just what they ought to do! If he did, however, that would relieve them of the responsibility of determining their duty; and this is just what God lays on every one of us. Christ shuts John up to act upon the evidence the facts afforded as to the Messiahship.

Various translations.—This fact is curiously alluded to by the three different translations which in various editions of the English Bible have been given to the sentence, "The poor have taken the Gospel preached to them." A very early English Bible has it, "Poor men have taken to preaching the Gospel;" another translation was, "Poor men receive the Gospel;" now we have it, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Christ's estimate of John.—When John's messengers had departed, Jesus turned to the multitude and discussed John. There is a keen criticism upon one phase of human nature in Christ's question (v. 7). "What went ye out to see?" Multitudes find what they determine beforehand that they will find. They find a prophet, and a prophet with the wind who they go to look for it, and a man clothed in soft raiment when they have condemned him for that beforehand. Christ's question suggests a re-examination of their preconceived opinions and a re-examination of John's claims to a divine commission.

As to John, each step is a reproach of some popular prejudice and an indorsement of John. A reed shaken with the wind was then and is still a metaphorical name for an undecided and irresolute man. Those who looked for such indecision in John were wondrously mistaken, from King Herod down through all the rest. So those who made temporal ease and comfort a proof of divine favor were sadly mistaken in John's case. His raiment was camel's hair, his girdle leather and his food locusts and wild honey. His life was hard, but his mission was sublime. So those who had thrown around the Old Testament prophets their imaginary halo of unreality were much disappointed in John's directness and simplicity. The Saviour, however, puts him before all the prophets whom the Jews then so highly glorified.

Blood earnestness.—Earnest people nearly always succeed, and usually deserve success. The indifferent and slovenly never succeed except when success is thrust upon them. In all ages there have been large numbers who admitted that the question of all questions was the question of religion. The crowds that gathered around John (Luke iii, 1-18) were of this class. It was not true of all of them that their earnestness carried them through repentance of sin into a religious life. The earnest ones, however, did thus persevere through all obstacles and really enter into the kingdom of God. It is not in reproach, therefore, that the Saviour says (v. 12), "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." It is precisely that holy violence that is needed to enter into the kingdom and spread abroad the kingdom.

Elias already here.—Verse 13 calls attention to the difference between John's utterances and the utterances of the Old Testament prophets. They all point to something yet to come. John, however, pointed to that which had already come and was now present.

Verses 14, like verse 10, is an explicit interpretation of John's mission. It is also an implicit interpretation of Christ's own mission. If John was Elias, then Jesus was the Messiah. The two offices are not separated in prophecy, and could not be separate in fulfillment.

HINTS FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.

By ALICE W. KNOX.

The persons in this lesson are John and his disciples, Jesus and the multitudes. State that John was in prison, not for any wrong doing, but for confessing and teaching Christ and faithfully rebuking sin. Herod, the king, had "laid hold on John and bound him and put him in prison," etc.

The disciples of John used to visit him and tell him of what things they had seen and heard outside the prison. Among other things they told John about the wonderful works of Jesus. (Ask the children to repeat some of those works.)

These stories seemed very remarkable to John, and he sent two of his disciples to say, "Art thou he?" (See v. 8.) In the word which Jesus sent back he speaks of six things to prove that he was the Christ.

1. The blind receive their sight.—Give examples, as in Matt. ix, 30; xii, 22; xx, 34; Mark viii, 23; John ix, 7. Isaiah had foretold that Jesus would do such works more than 700 years before Christ was born.

2. The lame walk.—(See Matt. xxi, 14; Luke vii, 22.)

3. The lepers are cleansed.—To see the frightful lepers in India, Palestine and other lands where this dreadful disease prevails enables one to realize more fully how wonderful such cures were. For instances see Matt. viii, 13; Mark i, 40-42; Luke v, 13; xvii, 14.

4. The deaf hear.—Children who cannot hear cannot learn to talk. A young father and mother began to fear that their baby boy was deaf. Neither spoke of it to the other, but each watched the child's hearing when alone with it. At length their anxiety became so great and their fear so strong that they talked together about it, and decided to try a pistol in the room to see whether the child would notice that loud sound. Alas! the little creature kept on with its play without paying the least attention to the noise. That settled it, and together the parents wept and mourned. Imagine, if possible, how

great their joy would have been if by a word some noted physician had made that deaf child able to hear. But Jesus made the deaf to hear. (See Mark vii, 35; ix, 25.)

5. The dead are raised.—Most wonderful of all! The widow's only son, and the only brother of the two loving sisters, are instances. (See Matt. ix, 25; Mark v, 41; Luke vii, 14; viii, 55; John xi.)

6. The poor have the Gospel preached to them.—Jesus came to bring good tidings of great joy to all people—the rich and poor, the high and low. All the world over, the poor are more ready to believe on Christ than the rich are. To them the Gospel is good news for this life and also for the world to come. The rich are but a very small part of the world's people. Where there are thousands of the rich, there are millions of the poor. This is very apparent in Oriental lands, where most of the people are distressingly poor. Ten cents is thought to be good pay for a day's work. Many men who till the land for others cannot afford to eat the rice they raise, but they eat millet, and pick the kernels of corn from the cob after it has been baked hard and dry. They live in mud cabins without windows, and no place for fire except a hole in the ground. For dress they wrap around the body a strip of cloth; for beds they use rough boards or the bare ground. In India thousands have no home at all. In Bombay they go to roost like chickens on the curbstones of the streets. It is a sad sight to see long lines of the poor creatures thus seated for the night. When they hear the sound of singing by some band of Christians who have come out to hold an open air meeting for their benefit they gather around and listen to the Gospel of good news with the greatest interest. There are thirty places in Bombay where the missionaries and their native helpers hold such meetings and multitudes listen and many receive Christ. The change which conversion makes in these poor creatures is marvelous. From idleness they go to industry, from filth to cleanliness, from deepest gloom and poverty to joy and comfort.

But let none dare to pray for this who do not also give and work as much as possible. The poor are calling aloud all over the world for the Gospel. "Why did you not come and tell us before?" said a poor old woman in China. "Why did not your mother tell my mother?" said the little dying Indian girl.—Sunday School World.

Regol.

G. S. ELDERIDGE, Attorney at Law.

MASTER'S SALE.—STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LA SALLE.—In the matter of Anzoletti C. Barret vs. Fanny M. Jones, Susan Richardson McDougall, John C. Richardson, Emma Richardson and Henry J. Barret, Jr.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree of the court in the above entitled cause, to-wit: on the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1887, DUNCAN McDUGALL, Master in Chancery for said Court, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of November, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, the following described real estate, situated in the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, to-wit: The premises known as sub lot four (4), in lot thirteen (13), in the Assessor's Subdivision of the south-west fractional quarter of section eleven (11) of township thirty-three (33), range three (3) east of the third (3rd) principal meridian, being in the City of Ottawa; said premises being in fact the west one-half (1/2) of said lot thirteen (13).

TERMS.—One-half cash in hand, the purchaser to give his note for the balance, payable on or before five years after date, with interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum; or cash in hand, at option of purchaser. Ottawa, Illinois, October 28, 1887.

DUNCAN McDUGALL, oct28-w Master in Chancery for said Circuit Court.

CLARENCE GRIGGS, Attorney at Law.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY.—In the matter of Margaretta Selzer, deceased, vs. The Unknown Heirs of Margaretta Selzer, deceased, Katharina Heilrich, Lorenzo Friesen and George W. Havens, Executors of the last will and testament of John Selzer, deceased.—Petition.

Admittance of the co-residence of The Unknown Heirs of Margaretta Selzer, deceased, defendants above named, to the estate of Margaretta Selzer, deceased, of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, notice is hereby given that the said Margaretta Selzer, deceased, by her last will and testament, did devise and bequeath to said Katharina Heilrich, Lorenzo Friesen and George W. Havens, Executors of the last will and testament of Margaretta Selzer, deceased, in and to the said County of La Salle, Illinois, for and to the use of said Katharina Heilrich, Lorenzo Friesen and George W. Havens, as Executors, certain undivided and undivided interests in and to certain real estate and personal property, to-wit: the real estate and personal property of said Margaretta Selzer, deceased, and the same is now being sold by said Katharina Heilrich, Lorenzo Friesen and George W. Havens, as Executors, at public auction, on the first day of December, 1887, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 28th day of October, A. D. 1887.

WALTER WILLEY, SR., nov28-3w Administrator.

CLARENCE GRIGGS, Comp'ts. Solr. nov28-4w

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF WARREN WILLEY, JR., DEC. —Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Warren Willey, Jr., late of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third day of December, 1887, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 28th day of October, A. D. 1887.

WALTER WILLEY, JR., nov28-3w Administrator.

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF ALBERT TRYNOLES, DEC. —Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Albert Trynolds, late of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third day of December, 1887, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 28th day of October, A. D. 1887.

HANNAH TRYNOLES, nov28-3w Executrix.

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF PATRICK MOHAN, DEC. —Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Patrick Mohan, late of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third day of December, 1887, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 28th day of October, A. D. 1887.

CATHERINE MOHAN, nov28-3w Executrix.

CLARENCE GRIGGS, Attorney at Law.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.—ESTATE OF GEORGE W. VAREL, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George W. Varel, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, at the Court door of the County Court House, in said county, on Monday, the 28th day of November, A. D. 1887, for the purpose of rendering an account of her proceedings in the administration of said estate for the final settlement.

Dated at Ottawa, this 4th day of November, 1887.

FRANCES VAREL, nov3-3w Administratrix.

ATTORNEY: HENRY HELMIG, Clerk Probate Court, La Salle Co., Ill.

Money to Loan.

I have money constantly on hand to loan, in sums to suit, on farm lands in La Salle and adjoining counties, at the lowest current rates of interest, on long or short time. Call on or address LEVI W. ROOD, Aug. 27-3mos Sheridan, Ills.

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THOSE IN WANT OF Good Carriages, Top and Open Buggies, Bids 8m Buggies, Two-seated open Buggies, Light Wagons, Sulkeys, etc., can find them at this factory, all of his own make, of the Best Material and in the Most Approved Style and Finish, all Warranted and for sale at Low Prices. Also make to order such as are wanted. Repairing done promptly; painting, trimming wood and iron work.

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Manufacture all kinds of Carriages, Top and Open Buggies, various styles of One- and Two-seated Phaetons, Democrets and Spring Wagons. Also have a large assortment always on hand. First class FARMERS' WAGONS always on hand. All our work is warranted, and made of the best material, and will be sold as low as good and reliable work can be sold at. We employ a first class Trimmer and are prepared for all kinds of top work and repairing at short notice. Call and see our stock of Carriages, Buggies and wagons before buying. HILL & FORMHALLS.

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